ocks and drift in a long, hazy shred over

Merryweather has been shot by dervishes.

PART III.

veterans, exultantly clutching at their note-

Zards!"
Two large brown birds were soaring in

"That's good enough," said Mortimer with his nose between the leaves of his book. "Merryweather headed dervishes stop re-

turned stop shot mutilated stop raid com

You think he was headed off?"

"Why else should he return?

several small raiding parties."

"I should judge so."
"How about the 'mutilated?"

"I've fought against Arabs before."

"I think I'll race you in," said Scott.

Anedley stared in astonishment at the

absolutely impersonal way in which these men regarded the situation. In their zeal

men regarded the situation. In their zeal for news it had apparently never struck them that they, their camp and their servants, were all in the lion's mouth. But even as they talked there came the harsh importune rat-tat-tat of an irregular voiley from among the rocks, and the high keening whistle of builets over their heads. A palm spray fluttered down among them. At the same instant the six frightened servants.

the same instant the six frightened serv-nats came running wildly in for protection. It was the cool-headed Mortimer who or-

ganized the defense, for Scott's Celtic soul was so aflame at all this "copy" in hand

and more to come that he was too exuber-antly boisterous for a commander. The other with his spectacles and his stern face

"Tall henna! Egri! What the devil are you frightened about? Put the camels be-

you frightened about? Put the camers between the palm trunks. That's right. Now get the knee tethers on them. Quies! Did you never hear bullets before? Now put the donkeys here. Not much—you don't get

"That's got home anyhow," said Scott, as

they heard a soft splashing thud like a stone in a mud bank.

"The brown camel that's chewing the

As he spoke the creature, its jaws still

ground and closed its dark eyes.
"That shot cost me fifteen pounds," said

"Never," said the young pressman, who was conscious of a feeling of nervous ela-

"Love and poverty and war, they are all

experiences necessary to make a complete life. Pass over the cartridges. This is a mild baptism that you are undergoing, for

behind these camels you are as safe as if you were sitting in the back room of the

"As safe, but hardly as comfortable," said Scott. "A long glass of hock and seltzer would be exceedingly acceptable.

that the first action of the war has been fought by the press column. Think of

Reuter, who has been stewing at the front

for a week! Think of the evening pennies just too late for the fun! By George, that

"This is sinful. It will end in our having

"Never mind, my boy, it all goes to make copy. I can see the nead lines—'Raid on Communications. 'Murder of British En-

wonder what the next line will be.

"Our Special Wounded," cried Scott,

rolling over on to his back. "No harm done," he added, gathering himself up

again; "only a chip off my knee. This is getting sultry. I confess that the idea of that back room at the Authors Club be-

appy day with Fuzzy on the rush.

"I have some diachyron."
"Afterward will do. We're having 'a

"This is an excellent revolver of mine if it didn't throw so devilish high. I always aim at a man's toes if I want to stimulate

his digestion. Oh, Lord, there's our kettle

With a boom like a dinner gong a Rem

ington bullet had passed through the kettle

nd a cloud of steam hissed up from the

fire. A wild shout came from the rocks

"The idiots think that they have blown us

up. They'll rush us now as sure as fate;

hen it will be our turn to lead. Got your

"I have this double - barreled fowling

"Sensible man! It's the best weapon in

"That will do all right. I carry this big

bore double - barreled pistol loaded with slugs. You might as well try to stop one

of these fellows with a pea-shooter as with

"There are ways and means," said Scott

outh of the first cataract. It's easy to

"The Geneva convention does not hold

make a bullet mushroom by a little ma-nipulation of the tip of it. When I was in

"Wait a bit," cried Mortimer, adjusting his glasses. "I think they are coming

"The time," said Scott, snapping up his

watch, "being exactly seventeen minutes

Anerley had been lying behind a camel Aneriey had been lying behind a camel staring with an interest which bordered upon fascination at the rocks opposite. Here was a little woolly puff of smoke, and there was another one, but never once had

some in these unseen, persistent men, who minute by minute, were drawing closer to

them. He had heard them cry out when the kettle was broken, and once immedi-

ately afterward an enormously strong voice

nad roared something which had set Scott

etter if he did not ask for a translation.

shrugging his shoulders.

the world at this sort of rough-and-tumble

gins to grow upon me."
"I have some diachylon."

wish he would rush.'

revolver, Anerley?

service revolver."

past four."

work. What cartridges?"

slug brushed a mosquito off me!"
"And one of the donkeys is hit."

to carry our own kits to Khartoum.

ineer.' 'Press Column Attacked.'

laid its long neck along the

"Who's hit then?"

"Four, I think."

Authors' Club.'

it be ripping?"

cud.

working.

books.

khor.

When? How?"

"You heard nothing?"

munications. How's that?'

he had seen.

"Nothing."

"Sarras."

In an instant he had torn

## THE THREE CORRESPONDENTS. An Incident of the Soudan Campaign. BY A CONAN DOYLE. · (Copyright, 1896, by A. Conan Doyle.)

PART I.

There was only one little feathery clump of dom paims in all that great wilderness of black hocks and orange sand. It stood high on the bank, and below it the brown Nile swirled swiftly toward the Ambigole cataract, fitting a little frill of foam round each of the boulders which studded its surface. Above, out of a naked blue sky, the sun was beating down upon the sand, and up again from the sand under the brims of the pitch hats of the horsemen with the scorching glare of a blast furnace. It had risen so high that the shadows of the horses were no larger than themselves. "Whew!" cried Mortimer, mopping his forehead, "you'd pay five shillings for this

"Precisely," said Scott. "But you are not asked to ride twenty miles in a Turkish bath with a field glass and a revolver, and a water bottle and a whole Christmas treeful of things dangling from you. The hot house at Kew is excellent as a conservatory, but not adapted for exhibitions upon the horizontal bar. I vote for a camp in the palm grove and a halt until even-

Mortimer rose on his stirrups and looked hard to the southward. Everywhere were the same black burned rocks and deep orange sand. At one spot only an intermittent line appeared to have been cut through the rugged spurs which ran down to the river. It was the bed of the old railway, long destroyed by the Arabs, but now in process of reconstruction by the advancing Egyptians. There was no other sign of man's handiwork in all that desolate "It's palm trees or nothing," said Scott.
"Well, I suppose we must; and yet I grudge every hour until we reach the force

up. What would our editors say if we were late for the action?" "My dear chap, an old bird like you doesn't need to be told that no sane modern general would ever attack until the press

'You don't mean that?" said young Anerley. "I thought we were looked upon as an unmitigated nuisance."

"'Newspaper correspondents and travel-ing gentlemen and all that tribe of useless drones'-being an extract from Lord Wolse-ley's 'Soldier's Pocket Book,'" cried Scott 'We know all about that, Anerley"-and he winked behind his blue spectacles. "If there were going to be a battle we should very soon have an escort of cavalry to hurry us up. I've been in tifteen, and I never saw one where they nad not ar-ranged for a reporters' table."

"That's very well; but he enemy may be less considerate," said Mortimer. "They are not strong enough to force a "A skirmish, then?"
"Much more likely to be a raid upon the rear. In that case we are just where we

"So we are! What a score over Reuter's man up with the advance! Well, we'll outspan and have our tiffin under the palms." There were three of them, and they stood for three great London dailies. Reuter was thirty miles ahead; two evening pennies upon camels were twenty miles behind. And among them were represented the eyes and the ears of the public-the great silent millions and millions who had paid for everything and who waited patiently to know the result of the outlay.

They were remarkable men, these body-servants of the press; two of them already veterans in the camps, the other setting out upon his first campaign, and full of deference for his famous comrades. This first one, who had just dismounted from his bay polo pony, was Mortimer, of

the Intelligence-tall, straight and hawkfaced, with kharki tunic and riding breech es, drab putties, a scarlet cummerbund, and a skin tanned to the red of a Scotch fir by sun and wind, and mottled by the mosquito and the sand fly. The other-small, quick, mercurial, with blue-black ing beard and hair, a fly switch for-ever flicking in his left hand-was Scott of the Courier, who had come through more dangers and brought off brilliant scoops than any in the profession, save the eminent



Down the Winding Path the Train Was Picking Its Way.

Chandler, now no longer in a condition to take the field. They were a singular contrast, Mortimer and Scott, and it was differences that the secret of their close friendship lay. Each dovetailed into the other. The strength of each was in the other. The strength of each was in the other's weakness. Together they form-ed a perfect unit. Mortimer was Saxon— slow, conscientious and deliberate; Scott was Celtie—quick, happy-go-lucky and brilliant. Mortimer was the more solid, Scott the more attractive. Mortimer was the deeper thinker, Scott the brighter talker. By a curious coincidence, though each er. By a curious coincidence, though each had seen much of warfare, their campaigns had never coincided. Together they covered all recent military history. Scott had done Plevna, the Shipka, the Zulus, Egypt, Suakim; Mortimer had seen the Boer war, the Chilean, the Bulgaria and Servian, the Gordon relief, the Indian frontier, Brazilian rebellion and Madagascar. This intimate personal knowledge gave a peculiar flavor to their talk. There was none of the second-hand surmise and conjecture which forms so much of our conversation; it was all concrete and final. The speaker had been there, had seen it

and there was an end to it.

In spite of their friendship, there was the keenest professional rivalry between the two men. Either would have sacri himself to help his companion, but either would also have sacrificed his companion to help his paper. Never did a jockey yearn for a winning mount as keenly as each of them longed to have a full column in a morning edition whilst every other daily was blank. They were perfectly frank about the matter. Each professed himself ready to steal a march on his neighbor, and each recognized that the other's duty to his employer was far higher

than any personal consideration.

The third man was Anerley of the Gasette—young, inexperienced and rather simple-looking. He had a droop of the lip, which some of his more intimate friends regarded as a libel upon his character, and his eyes were so slow and so sleepy that they suggested an affectation. A leaning toward soldiering had sent him twice to autumn maneuvers, and a touch of color in his descriptions had induced the propriein his descriptions had induced the proprie-tors of the Gazette to give him a trial as a war special. There was a pleasing diffi-dence about his bearing which recom-mended him to his experienced companions, and if they had a smile sometimes at his and if they had a smile sometimes at his guileless ways, it was soothing to them to have a comrade from whom nothing was to be feared. From the day that they left the telegraph wire behind them at Sarras, the man who was mounted upon a 15-guinea 34 Syrian was delivered over into the hands of the owners of the two fastest minute in something polo ponies that ever shot down the Ghez-ireh ground.

brassy yellow glare every branch above threw so black and solid a shadow that the men involuntarily raised their feet to step

over them. "The palm makes an excellent hatrack," said Scott, slinging his revolver and his water bottle over the little upward-pointing pegs which bristled from the trunk. "As a snade tree, however, it isn't an unqualified success. Curious that in the universal adaptation of means to ends something a little less filmsy could not have been devised for the tropics."

"Like the banyan in India." "Or the fine hardwood trees in Ashantee, where a whole regiment could picnic under

"The teak tree isn't bad in Burmah "The teak tree isn't bad in Burman, either. By Jove! the 'baccy has all come loose in the saddle bag! That long-cut mixture smokes rather hot for this climate. How about the baggles, Anerley?"

"They'll be here in five minutes Down the winding path which curved among the rocks the little train of baggage camels was daintily picking its way. They came mincing and undulating along turning their heads slowly from side to side with the air of self-conscious women. In front rode the three Berberee body servants upon donkeys, and behind walked the Arab camel boys. They had been traveling for nine long hours, ever since the first rising of the moon, at the weary camel drag of



a drink!"

two and a half miles an hour, but now they brightened, both beasts and men, at the sight of the grove and the riderless horses. In a few minutes the loads wer-unstrapped, the animals tethered, a fire lighted, fresh water carried up from the river, and each camel provided with his own little heap of tibbin laid in the center of the tablecloth, without which no well-bred Arabian will condescend to feed. The dazzling light without, the subdued halftones within, the green palm fronds out-lined against the deep blue sky, the flitting silent-footed Arab servants, the crackling of sticks, the reek of a lighting fire, the placid supercilious heads of the camels hey all come back in their dreams to those who have known them.

Scott was breaking eggs into a pan and rolling out a love song in his rich, deep voice. Anerley, with his head and two arms buried in a deal packing case, was working his way through strata of tinned soups, bully beef, potted chicken and sar-dines to reach the jams which lay beneath. The conscientious Mortimer, with his note-book upon his knee, was jotting down what the railway engineer had told him at the line end the day before. Suddenly he raised his eyes and saw the man himself on his chestnut pony, dipping and rising over the broker ground. "Hullo, here's Merryweather!

"A pretty lather his pony is in! He's had her at that hand gallop for hours by the look of her. Hullo, Merryweather, hullo! The engneer, a small, compact man wit! pointed red beard, had made as though ne would ride past their camp without word or halt. Now he swerved, and, easing his down to a canter, he headed her topony "For God's sake, a drink!" he croaked.
"My tongue is stuck to the roof of my

Mortimer ran with the water bottle Scott with the whisky flask and Anerley with the tin pannikin. The engineer drank until his breath failed him. "Well, I must be off," said he, striking the drops from his red mustache.
"Any news?"

"A hitch in the railway construction. I must see the general. It's the devil not having a telegraph." "Anything we can report?" Out came three notebooks.

'I'll tell you after I've seen the general.' "Any dervishes?"
"The usual shaves. Hud-up, Jinny! Good-

With a soft thudding upon the sand and a clatter among the stones, the weary pony was off on his journey once more.

"Nothing serious, I suppose?" said Mortimer, staring after him. "Deuced serious," cried Scott, "The ham and eggs are burned! No-it's all rightsaved, and done to a turn! Pull the box up, Anerley. Come on, Mortimer, stow that

pen just at present. What's the matter with you, Anerley?"
"I was wondering whether what we have just seen was worth a telegram."
"Well, it's for the proprietors to say if it's worth it. Sordid money considerations are not for us. We must wire about something to justify our kharki coats and our put-

"But what is there to say?"

Mortimer's long, austere face broke into a smile over the youngster's innocence. "It's not quite usual in our profession to give each other tips," said he. "However as my telegram is written, I've no objection

to your reading it. You may be sure that uld not show it to you if it were of the slightest importance. Anerley took up the slip of paper and

"Merry weather obstacles stop journey confer general stop nature difficulties later

"This is very condensed," said Anerley, with wrinkled brows.
"Condensed!" cried Scott. "Why, it's sinfully garrulous. If my old man got a wire like that his language would crack



"How's that!" cried Scott.

the lamp shades. I'd cut out half this For example, I'd have out 'journey' and 'nature' and 'rumors.' But my old .qan would make a ten-ine paragraph of it, for

"Well, I'll do it myself just to show you. Lend me that stylo." He scribbled for a minute in his notebook. "It works out omething on these lines;
"Mr. Charles H. Merryweather, the emi-The three had dismounted and led their engaged in superintending the construc-easts under the welcome shade. In the tien of the line from Sarras to the front,

All is quiet upon the line of communica-tions, though the usual persistent rumors of the present of dervishes in the castern

weather is, and what he is about, so the word 'obstacles' would suggest all that to him. 'He has today been compelled to make a journey of forty miles to the front in order to confer with the general upon the steps which are necessary in order to facilitate the work. Further particulars of the exact nature of the difficulties met with will be made public at a later date. All is quiet upon the line of communicantinue to circulate .-- Our Own Cor-

'How's that?" cried Scott, triumphantly, and his white teeth gleamed suddenly through his black beard. "That's the sort of flapdoodle for the dear old public."

of flapdoodle for the dear old public."
"Will it interest them?"
"Oh, everything interests them. They want to know all about it, and they like to think that there is a man who is getting a hundred a month simply in order to tell it to them."
"It's very kind of you to teach me all this." this.'

"Well, it is a little unconventional, for "Well, it is a little unconventional, for after all we are here to score over each other if we can. There are no more eggs, and you must take it out in jam. Of course, as Mortimer says, such a telegram as this is of no importance one way or another except to prove to the office that we are in the Soudan and not at Monte Carlo. But when it comes to serious work it must be every man for himself."

"Is that quite necessary."
"Why, of course it is."
"I should have thought if three men were to combine and to share their news they would do better than if they were each to act for themselves, and they wou'd have a much pleasanter time of it." The two older men sat with their bread and jam in their hands, and an expression of genuine disgust upon their faces.

"We are not here to have a pleasant time," said Mortimer, with a flash through his glasses. 'We are here to do our best for our papers. How can they score over each other if we do not do the same? If we all

combine we might as well amalgamate with Reuter at once."

"Why, it would take away the whole glory of the profession," cried Scott. "At present the smartest man gets his stuff first on the wires. What inducement is there to be smart if we all share and share alike?"

"And at present the man with the best

equipment has the best chance," remarked Mortimer, glancing across at the shot-silk polo-ponies and the cheap little Syrian gray. "That is the fair reward of fore-sight and enterprise. Every man for him-self, and let the best man win."
"That's the way to find who the best man is. Look at Chandler. He would never have got his chance if he had not played always off his own bat. You've heard how he pretended to break his leg, sent his fel-low correspondent off for the doctor, and so got a fair start for the telegraph office."
"Do you mean to say that was legiti-

"Everything is legitimate. It's your wits against my wits."
"I should call it dishonorable."

"You may call it what you like. Chand-ler's paper got the battle and the others didn't. It made Chandler's name."
"Or take Westlake," said Mortimer, cramming the tobacco into his pipe. "Hi, Abdul, you may have the dishes! Westlake brought his stuff down by pretending to be the government courier, and using the relays of government horses. West-lake's paper sold half a million."
"Is that legitimate also?" asked Anerley, thoughtfully.
"Why not?"

"Well, it looks a little like horse-stealing and lying."
"Well, I think I should do a little horse stealing and lying if I could have a column to myself in a London daily. What do you say, Scott?"
"Anything short of manslaughter."

"And I'm not sure that I'd trust you there."
"Well, 1 don't think I should be guilty
That I reof newspaper-man-slaughter. That I regard as a distinct breach of professional



It Was a Horseman Riding Toward Them.

between a highly charged correspondent and an electric wire he does it at his peril. and an electric wire ne does it at his peril. My dear Anerley, I tell you frankly that if you are going to handicap yourself with scruples you may just as well be in Fleet street as in the Soudan. Our life is irregular. Our work has never been systematized. No doubt it will be some day, but the time is not yet. Do what you can and how you can and be first on the wires; that's my advice to you; and also that when next you come upon a campaign you bring with you the best horse that money can buy. Mortimer may beat me or I may beat Mortimer, but at least we know that between us we have the fastest ponies in the country. We have neglected

o chance. "I am not so certain of that," said Mor-imer, slowly. "You are aware, of course, timer, slowly. "You are aware, of course, that though a horse beats a camel on twenthat though a norse beats a camel on twenty miles, a camel beats a horse on thirty."
"What! One of these camels?" cried Anerley, in astonishment.
The two seniors burst out laughing.

up, Anerley. Come on, Mortimer, stow that notebook! The fork is mightier than the pen just at present. What's the matter make their lightning raids."

"Faster than a galloping horse?"
"Well, it tires a horse down. It goes
the same gait all the way, and it wants
neither halt nor drink, and it takes rough
ground much better than a horse. They ised to have long-distance races at Halfa and the camel always won at thirty."
"Still, we need not reproach ourselves, Scott, for we are not very likely to have to carry a thirty-mile message. The will have the field telegraph next week." "Quite so. But at the present mo-

"I know, my dear chap; but there is no motion of urgency before the house. Load baggles at 5 o'clock, so you have just three nours clear. Any sign of the evening

Mortimer swept the northern horizon

Mortimer swept the northern horizon with his binoculars.
"Not in sight yet."
"They are quite capable of traveling during the heat of the day. Just the sort of thing evening pennies would do. Take care of your match, Anerley. These palm groves go up like a powder magazine if you set them alight. By-by." The two men crawled under their mosquite rets. two men crawled under their mosquito rets and sank instantly into the easy sleep of

those whose lives are spent in the open.
Young Aneriey stood with his back
against a palm tree and his briar between his lips thinking over the advice which he had received. After all, they were the heads of the profession, these men, and it was not for him, the newcomer, to re-form their methods. If they served their papers in this fashion then he must do the same. They had at least been frank and generous in teaching him the rules of the game. If it was good enough for them, it was good enough for him.

It was a broiling afternoon, and those thin frills of foam round the black glisten ing necks of the Nile boulders looked de-lightfully cool and alluring. But it would not be safe to bathe for some hours to come. The air shimmered and vibrated over the baking stretch of sand and rock. There was not a breath of wind, and the droning and piping of the insects inclined one for sleep. Somewhere above a hoopo was calling. Anerley knocked out his ashes and was turning toward his couch, when his eye caught something moving in the desert to the south. It was a horseman riding toward them

they caught a glimpse of the attackers. To him there was something weird and aweas swiftly as the broken ground would permit. A messenger from the army, thought Anerley; and then as he watched, the sun suddenly struck the man on the side of the head, and his chin flamed into gold. There could not be two horsemen with beards of such a color. It was Merryweather, the engineer, and he was re-turning. What on earth was he returning turning. What on earth was he returning for? He had been so keen to see the general, and yet he was coming back with his mission unaccomplished. Was it that his pony was hopelessly foundered? It seem-

has met with considerable obstacles to the rapid completion of his important task'—
of course, the old man knows who Merry weather is, and what he is about, so the word 'obstacles' would suggest all that to him. 'He has today been compelled to ance to explain the mystery of his remainder to the control of weapons, to make any reply to it. Had their antagonists continued to keep that range the defenders must either have made a hopeless saily or tried to shelter themselves behind their zareba as best they Then as he watched them they dipped down into a hollow and disappeared. He could see that it was one of those narrow

might on the chance that the sound might bring up help. But luckily for them, the African had not taken kindly to the rifle, and his primitive instinct to close with his enemy is always too strong for his sense could see that it was one of those narrow khors which led to the river, and he waited, glass in hand, for their immediate reappearance. But himute passed after minute, and there was no sign of them. That narrow gully appeared to have swallowed them up. And then with a curious gulp and start het saw a little gray cloud wreathe itself slowly from among the of strategy. They were drawing in, there-fore, and now for the first time Anerley caught sight of a face looking at them from over a rock. It was a huge, virile, strong-jawed head of a pure negro type, with sliver trinkets gleaming in the ears. The man raised a great arm from behind the rock and shook his Remington at them. 'Shall I fire?" asked Anerley.

"No, no, it is too far; your shot would scatter all over the place."
"It's a picturesque ruffian," said Scott. "Couldn't you kodak him, Mortimer? There's another!" A fine-featured brown Arab, with a black pointed beard, was peeping from behind another boulder. He wore the green turban which proclaimed him hadji, and his face showed the keen nervous exaltation of the religious fenetics. of the religious fanatic.

"They seem a plebald crowd," said Scott.
"That last is one of the real fighting Baggara," remarked Mortimer. "He's a dangerous man."
"He looks pretty vicious. There's another

"Two more! Dingas by the look of them.
Just the same chaps we get our black
battalions from. As long as they get a
fight they don't mind who it's for. But if stand they would know that the Arab is their hereditary enemy and we their hereditary friends. Look at the silly jugglins gnashing his teeth at the very men who put down the slave trade!" "Couldn't you explain?" "I'll explain with this pistol when he

comes a little nearer. Now sit tight, An-erley. They're off!"

They were, indeed. It was the brown the desert. In an instant he had torn Scott and Mortimer from their slumbers. "Get up, you chaps!" he cried, "I believe man with the green turban who headed the rush. Close to his heels was the negro with silver earrings-a glant of a man and the other two were only a little behind



Again He Strained Unavailingly a the Trigger.

school sports when he held the tape for the hurdle race. It was magnificent, the wild spirit and abandon of it, the flutter of the chequered galabeeahs, the gleam of steel, the wave of black arms, the frenzied faces, the quick pitter-patter of the rushing feet. The law-abiding Briton is so imbued with the idea of the sanctity of the human life that it was hard for the young pressman to realize that these men had every intention of killing him, and that he was at perfect liberty to do as much for them. He lay staring as if this were a show and he a spectator.
"Now, Anerley, now! Take the Arab!"

cried somebody. He put up the gun and saw the brown lerce face at the other end of the barrel. He tugged at the trigger, but the face grew arger and fiercer with every stride. Again and again he tugged. A revolver shot rang out at his elbow, then another one, and he saw a red spot spring out on the Arab's brown breast. But he was still coming on. "Shoot, you ass, shoot!" screamed Scott.

Again he strained unavailingly at the rigger. There were two more pistol shots, and the big negro had fallen and risen and allen again. "Cock it, you fool!" shouted a furious voice, and at the same instant, with a rush and flutter, the Arab bounded over the

my polo poony to make a zareba with. Pick-et the ponies between the grove and the river out of danger's way. These fellows seem to fire even higher than they did in prostrate camel and came down with his bare feet upon Anerley's chest. In a dream some one upon the ground, then he was conscious of a tremendous explosion in his action of the war.

PART IV.

"Good-bye, old chap. You'll be all right. Give yourself time." It was Mortimer's voice, and Anerley became dimly conscious of a long spectacled face and of a heavy hand upon his shoulder.

Mortimer, ruefully. "How many of them "Sorry to leave you. We'll be lucky now four Bezingers at any rate; there if we are in time for the morning editions." may be some spearsmen."
"I think not; it is a little raiding party of Scott was tightening his girth as he spoke. "We'll put in our wire that you have been riflemen. By the way, Anerley, you've never been under fire before, have you?"

hurt, so your people will know where don't hear from you. If Reuter or the evening pennies come up don't give the thing away. Abbas will look after you, and we'll be back tomorrow afternoon. Bye-bye!"

Anerley heard it all, though he did not feel energy enough to answer. Then, as he watched two sleek, brown ponies with their yellow-clad riders dwindling among the rocks, his memory cleared suddenly, and he realized that the first great journalistic chance of his life was slipping away from But, oh, Mortimer, what a chance. Think him. It was a small fight, but it was the of the general's feelings when he hears first of the war, and the great public at home was all athirst for news. They would have it in the Courier, they would have i



"What happened to me?"

in the Intelligence, and not a word in th Gazette. The thought brought him to his feet, though he had to throw his arm ound the stem of a palm tree to stead; his swimming head.

There was the big black man lying when he had fallen, his huge chest pocked with bullet marks, every wound rosetted with its circle of flies. The Arab was stretched out

within a few yards of him, with two hands clasped over the dreadful thing which had his head Across him was lying Anerley's fowling piece, one barrel discharged, the other at half cock.
"Scott effendi shoot him your gun," said a voice. It was Abbas, his English-speak-

ing body servant.

Anerley groaned at the disgrace of it. He had lost his head so completely that he had forgotten to cock his gun; and yet he knew that it was not fear but interest which had so absorbed him. He put his hand up to his head and felt that a wet handkerchief was bound round his forehead.

Where are the two other dervishes?" "They ran away. One got shot in arm."
"Effendi got cut on head. Effendi catch bad man by arms and Scott effendi shoot him. Face burn very bad."

Anerley became conscious suddenly that there was a pringling about his skin and an overpowering smell of burned hair un-der his nostrils. He put his hand to his mustache. It was gone. His eyebrows, tco? He could not find them. His head, no doubt, was very near to the dervish's when they were rolling upon the ground together, and this was the effect of the explosion of his own gun. Well, he would have time to grow some more hair before he saw Fleet street again. But the cut, perhaps, was a more serious matter. Was it enough to prevent him from getting to the telegraph office at Sarras? The only way was to try

and see.

But there was only that poor little Syrian "They've got to take us first," said he, and Anerley thought his nerve might be gray of his. There it stood in the evening sunshine, with a sunk head and a bent knee, as if its morning's work was still heavy upon it. What hope was there of being able to do thirty-five miles of heavy the dust and a man, who seemed to be in "Oh, yes,' said the land the weary operator had opened the door, and was lighting his pipe in the cool, fresh air, when he saw a camel plump down in the dust and a man, who seemed to be in The firing had begun at a distance of some hundred yards, which put it out of the question for them, with their lighter

Highest of all in Leavening Power.- Latest U.S. Gov't Report

## Val Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

on the splendid ponies of his companions-and they were the swiftest and most enduring in the country. The most enduring? There was one creature more enduring. There was one creature more enduring, and that was a real, trotting camel. If he had had one he might have got to the wires first after all, for Mortimer had said that over thirty miles they had the better of any horse. Yes, if he had only had a real trotting camel! And then, like a flash, came Mortimer's words: "It is the kind of beast that the dervishes ride when they make their lightning raids."

make their lightning raids."
The beasts the dervishes ride! What had these dead dervishes ridden? In an instant he was clambering up the rocks, with Ab-bas protesting at his heels. Had the two fugitives carried away all the camels, or had they been content to save themselves The brass gleam from a litter of empty Remington cases caught his eye and showed where the enemy had been crouchshowed where the enemy had been drotted ing. And then he could have shouted for joy, for there, in the hollow, some little distance off, rose the high, graceful, white neck and the elegant head of such a camel as he had never set eyes upon before a swan-like, beautiful creature, as far from the rough, clumsy baggles as the cart

horse is from the racer.

The beast was kneeling under the shelter of the rocks, with its waterskin and bags of doora slung over its shoulders, and its forelegs tethered, Arab fashion, with a rope round the knees. Anerley threw his leg over the front pommel while Abbas slipped off the cord. Forward flew Anerley toward the creature's neck, then violently backward, clawing madly at anything which might save him, and then with a jerk, which nearly snappped his loins, he was thrown forward again. But the camel was on his legs now, and the young pressure of the five was on his legs now, and the young press-man was safely seated upon one of the flyers of the desert. It was as gentle as it was swift, and it stood oscillating its long was swift, and it stood oscillating its long neck and gazing round with its large brown eyes, whilst Anerley coiled his legs round the peg and grasped the curved camel-stick which Abbas had handed up to him. There were two bridle cords, one from the nostril and one from the neck, but he re-membered that Scott had said that it was the servant's, and not the house-bell, which had to be pulled, so he kept his grasp upon the lower. Then he touched the long, vibrating neck with his stick, and in an instant Abbas' farewells seemed to come from far behind him, and the black rocks and yellow sand were dancing past on

It was his first experience of a trotting camel, and at first the motion, although irregular and abrupt, was not unpleasant. Having no stirrup or fixed point of any kind, he could not rise to it, but he gripped as tightly as he could with his knee. and he tried to sway backward and forward as he had seen the Arabs do. It was a large, very concave Makloofa saddle. and he was conscious that he was bouncing about on it with as little power of adhesion as a billiard ball upon a tea tray. He gripped the two sides with his hands to hold himself steady. The creature had got into its long, swinging, stealthy trot, its sponge-like feet making no sound upon the hard sand. Anerley leaned back, with his two hands gripping hard behind him, and he whooped the creature on.

The sun had already sunk behind the line

of black volcanic peaks which look like huge slag heads at the mouth of the mine. The western sky had taken that lovely light-green and pale-pink tint which makes evening beautiful upon the Nile, and the old brown river itself, swirling down old brown river itself, swirling down amongst the black rocks, caught some shimmer of the colors above. The glare, the heat and the piping of the insects had all ceased together. In spite of his aching head Anerley could have cried out for pure physical joy as the swift creature beneath him flew along with him through that cool, invigorating air, with the virile north wind soothing his pringling face. He had looked at his watch, and now he

made a swift calculation of times and distances. It was past 6 when he had left the camp. Over broken ground it was impos-sible that he could hope to do more than seven miles an hour-less on bad parts,



"I'm done, after all!"

more on the smooth. His recollection of the track was that there were few smooth and many bad. He would be lucky, then, it he reached Sarras anywhere from 12 to 1. Then the messages took a good two hours to go through, for they had to be transcribed at Cairo. At the best, he only hope to have told his story in Fleet street at 2 or 3 in the morning. It was pos-sible that he might manage it, but the chances seemed enormously against him. About 3 the morning edition would be made up, and his chance gone forever. The one thing clear was that only the first man at the wires would have any chance at all. and Anerley meant to be first if hard riding could do it. So he tapped away at the birdlike neck, and the creature's long, loose limbs went faster and faster at every tap. Where the rocky spurs ran down to the river, horses would have to go round, while amels might get across, so that Anerles felt that he was always gaining upon his

But there was a price to be paid for the feeling. He had heard of men who had burst when on camel journeys, and he knew that the Arabs swathe their bodies tightly in broad cloth bandages when they prepare for a long march. It had seemed urnecessary and ridiculous when he first began to speed over the level track, but now, when he got on the rocky paths, he understood what it meant. Never for an instant was he at the same angle. Backward, forward he swung, with a tingling jar at the end of each sway, until he ached from his neck to his knee. It caught him across the shoulders, it caught him dewn the spine, it gripped him over the loins, it narked the lower line of his ribs with one heavy dull throb. He clutched here and there with his hand to try and ease the strain upon his muscles. He drew up his knees, altered his seat and set his teeth with a grim determination to go through with it should it kill him. His head was splitting, his flayed face smarting and every joint in his body aching as if it were dislocated. But he forgot all that, when, with the rising of the moon, he heard the clinking of horses hoofs down the track by the river, and knew that, unseen by them, he had already got well abreast of his companions. But he was hardly half way, and the time already 11.

All day long the needles had been ticking away without intermission in the little corrugated iron hut which served at a tele-graph station at Sarras. With its bare walls and its packing case seats, it was none the less for the moment one of the vital spots upon the earth's surface, and the crisp, importunate ticking might have come from the world-old clock of destiny. Many august people had been at the other end of those wires, and had communed with the moist-faced military clerk. A French premier had demanded a pledge and an English marquis had passed the request to the general in command, with a question as to how it would affect the situation. Cipher telegrams had nearly driven the clerk out of his wits, for of all crazy occupations the taking of a cipher message when you are without a key to the cipher is the worst. Much high diplomacy had been going on all day in the innermost chambers of European chancellories, and the results of it had been whispered into this little corrugated iron but. About 2 in the morning an enormous

going upon that? It would be a strain up- the last state of drunkenness, come rolling cward him.
"What's the time?" he cried, in a voice that appeared to be the only sober about him.

It was on the clerk's lips to say that it was time that the questioner was in his bed, but it is not safe upon a campaign to be ironical at the expense of kharki-clad men. He contented himseif therefore with the bald statement that it was after 2. But no retort that he could have devised could have had a more crushing effect. The voice turned drunken also, and the

The voice turned drunken also, and the man caught at the door post to uphold him. "Two o'clock! I'm done after all!" said he. His head was tied up in a bloody hand-kerchief, and his face was crimson, and he stood with his legs crooked, as if the pith had all gone out of his back. The cierk began to realize that something out of the crdingry was in the wind. ordinary was in the wind.

"How long does it take to get a wire to London?" "About two hours."

"And it's 2 now. I could not get it there before 4."

"Before 3." "Four?"
"No; 3."

"But you said two hours."
"Yes, but there's more than an hour's difference in longitude."
"By heavans, I'll do it yet!" cried An-

erly, and staggering to a packing case he began the dictation of his famous dispatch. And so it came about that the Gazette had a long column, with head lines like an epitaph, when the sheets of the Intelligence and the Courier were as blank as the faces of their editors. And so, too, it happened that when two weary men upon two found-ered horses, arrived about 4 in the morning at the Sarras post office they looked at each other in silence and departed noiselessly with the conviction that there are some situations with which the English language is not capable of dealing.

RARE OLD CROCKERY.

A Philadelphia Dredger Makes a Find in the Delaware River.

From the Philadelphia Ledger. Very unexpectedly, one day last month the dredge Asia brought up from the sand of Five Mile Bar a grapple full of river bottom, in which one of the men attending to the machinery discovered what appeared to be a plate and a cup. On a closer examination being made, it was found that hidden in the several cubic yards of sand and mud lifted from the bottom were several pieces of old crockery. The unbroken pieces were picked out of the material after it had been dumped into the scow beside the dredge, and a careful watch was made for more. In every grapple full there were several pieces; the men

on the dredge hastened to secure them. Captain Mackenzie, mindful of his duty to his employers, gave his crew little op-portunity to get the desired dishes, and as each succeeding grappleful was dumped into the scow most of the pieces of crock-ery brought up were buried in the 150 cubic yands of sand and mud in the scow and taken down the river and dumped be-hind Marcus Hook bar. In all probability 250 or 300 whole pieces were secured, while a much greater number were hidden in the mass of material lifted from the river and are now resting once more on another part of the river bottom. The whole pieces were plates, cups, saucers, bowls and two or three pitchers, all of rare old blue ware and of different makes and designs.

How the crockery was lost in the river is a mystery, which is made deeper by the fact that it was found beneath fifteen feet of mud and sand at a total depth of between twenty-six and twenty-eight feet below the surface of the river at low water. No one can more than guess how ter. No one can more than guess how long it had been there, but in all prob-ability the ware has lain undisturbed in the river bottom for at least fifty or sixty years. This submarine mine of crockery was located between 1,500 and 2,000 feet below the new Pennsylvania railroad

bridge at Bridesburg, in the middle of the river on the crest of Five Mile Bar. A few timbers were found at the same point, but nothing to indicate that they were part of the frame of a vessel which had sunk and rotted away. Yet the num-ber of dishes found seems to be conclusive evidence that they were part of the cargo of a vessel arriving from foreign ports. The packages containing the dishes may have fallen overboard from the deck of some vessel, but the location is not one that was ever used for discharging cargoes The only thing found that could be said with any certainty to have been part of the packages containing the crockery end of a crate, and to that no one paid

much attention.

It was difficult to ascertain what kind of It was difficult to ascertain what kind of ware the dishes fished up from the river bottom were. They were in a very good state of preservation, notwithstanding the years they had been buried beneath water and sand. Some of the pieces were almost perfect, and on none was the coloring dim-med a particle. A few were a little dis-

colored in spots, and the glaze of most of them was slightly cracked.

It was generally agreed by experts to whom the dishes were shown that the ware was English, but the estimates of the age varied from sixty to one hundred years. None of the pieces were hand-painted, all being stamped with the design, and as the designs were conventional and not par-ticularly artistic, the ware does not have

any great value to collectors.

After Edwin A. Barber, curator of the collection of ceramics at Memorial Hall, Fairmount Park, who is one of the best authorities in the country on old china and crockery, had examined two of the old dishes, he said it was Staffordshire stone china or white china, a grade of earthen-ware made from 1835 to 1840. Pieces bear-ing the name of Wedgewood, he said, were not made by the celebrated Josiah Wedge-wood, who died in 1795, but probably by some member of the same family.

A Kiss on the Tandem. From the Louisville Commercial

"One of the greatest problems in bicyeling," said a giddy bicyclist, "is how to kiss a girl while riding a tandem without upsetting. The first time I tried it there was the blankest catastrophe on record. We were spinning along at a scorching rate and struck a shady place, where the electric light was obstructed by the dense foliage and the shadows lay heavy and somber. I had made sufficient progress with the damsel whom I had honored with the front seat to venture upon a delicate caress, and as we struck the shadows I leaned forward, throwing my weight upon the handles and giving my neck the neces startled and dodged, giving the wheel a wrench that was fatal. In a moment we were sprawling on the boulevard, and when I gathered up her remains and my batter-ed self she was the picture of an intensely irate darrsel. What she said to me was a plenty. Only a man who can ride a buck-ing brencho in a cyclone ought to tackle such a feat."

This Busy World Forgets Us Easily.

From Harper's Young People. Fame is not a very tangible thing. United States Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island has represented his state for many years, and was very prominent in the framing of the tariff bill which is called after the name of Governor McKinley. The Senator tells the following incident, adding that he has never had a conceited moment since it oc-

curred: "Not long since I was journeying from Providence to New York, when a business n an of my state, a man of prominence and wealth, and an old friend of mine, fell in with me, and at once said 'Good morning, Senator. Where are you

going? going?"
"'Oh, I am going to Washington,' said I.
"'What are you going there for?"
"To attend my public duties."
"'Why, what duties—what duties do you have in Washington?"

Blushing, I replied that I was still a United States Senator.
"'Oh, yes,' said the business man of

prominence, wealth and standing; 'you were elected to the Senate, weren't you?' After a pause: 'By-the-way, who is the other Sen-